THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE EARNEST STUDENT.

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

CHAPTER II. — *Picture of Poverty.*

MAGDALENE'S mother had been awake nearly all night with rheumatism; now, for the first time, towards morning, she fell into a sound sleep, all the sounder for her wakeful night. Therefore *she* did not hear the loud crow of the cock in the neighboring barn-yard; but it waked Magdalene instantly. She arose as quietly as possible from her humble little bed. It was still very dark; but with her love of order she easily found her clothes, drew them quickly on, and left the room. Close by, in the tiny court-yard, there was a well at which she washed her face and hands. Then she tiptoed to her mother's bedside, listened to her quiet breathing, and kneeling there said her morning prayer. Then she took her unfinished stocking, and knit industriously till the first rays of light came through the little window. Laying her work aside, she lighted the fire and began to prepare the coffee.

"It smells of smoke," called her mother, waking from her sleep, and coughing.

"Good-morning, dear mother," said Magdalene, sweetly. "The wood is damp, and the stove full of cracks; but I'll see if I can't stop it." She took out of a jar some ready-made clay, and skilfully spread it over the cracks in the stove out of which the smoke issued.

"Lift me up, my child," said her mother. Magdalene leaned over her; and the poor invalid with difficulty placed both arms round the child's neck, who now, by throwing herself backwards, raised with all her strength the heavy weight. Carefully she stuffed the cushions behind her mother's back, who said, shivering: —

"Where does that awful draught come from? It chills me in my back. Is the window open?"

Magdalene turned her eyes towards the window. "Oh, dear me!" she said; "the paper is loose on one side, and has come away from the sash." Instantly she stopped up the broken window-pane with an old oil painting, which seemed to have served the same purpose before.

"Is the coffee ready?" asked the mother.

"It won't be very long now, dear little mother," said Magdalene. "Just think, mother! I've been real lucky. I've a whole jar of soup-bones, and I'll make you some good strong beef tea; and then the cook at the inn has promised to save the coffee-grounds for me every day. I've only to wash out the can for her. To-day our coffee is made of them, and not of the miserable barley and beet-root."

"But why are you barefooted?" said her mother, looking down at the bare feet. "You'll take cold on the stones. Can't you get your shoes on?"

"Don't scold, dear mother. I want to save them; the soles are so thin again. But don't worry; I'm earning a nice little sum from good Master Tanzer, and God has not forsaken us yet," she added, as she cast a look of sorrow at her poor mother who was not able to move an inch.

Just then something stirred in the dark corner behind the stove, and immediately a little boy came softly forward. Magdalene went towards him, and, taking his little head between her hands, she pressed a kiss upon

his forehead, and said, with the greatest tenderness, "Good morning, my Raphael."

He returned the kiss; and then cried suddenly, "What's the matter with my little Hans? He doesn't sing at all."

"That's because it's too dark yet," said his sister; "he can't wake up from his sleep."

"Mother, are you awake? where are you? Oh, I had such a dream! I dreamed that some one had taken Hans away, and I was so troubled about it. Good-morning, dear mother." He felt after the hand of the invalid, and kissed it with tenderness.

During these few moments Magdalene had placed the mended cup and two others on the table, and drawing out of her basket a loaf of wheaten bread, she said in a tone of inward delight: "This I got from the baker's wife because I helped her Christel sweep out the alley. It's a little baked up, but it'll get soft in the coffee." She moved the table up to her mother's bedside, and then the little family ate their humble meal with the greatest satisfaction.

Think, little boys and girls, how often you are discontented with a far better breakfast than this good family had.

Suddenly a golden canary began to sing.

"Hans, my Hans," said Raphael, overjoyed.

"The bird reminds us of our duty," said the mother. "He praises his Maker even before he eats his breakfast." With a weak and trembling voice, she began: "May praise and gratitude be my earliest waking thoughts."

"Lift up my soul," joined in both children sweetly and devoutly; and then they said together a prayer familiar to them, accompanied by the song of the bird.

In the mean time it had grown lighter in the little ground-floor room, and Raphael drew out a bunch of floss silks which he began to sort and unravel. Just then footsteps sounded along the court-yard. They approached. A strong hand knocked on the door, and before Magdalene could call, "Come in!" the door opened.

The man who entered was at first so confused by the twilight in the room that he could not distinguish the objects around him, and demanded, looking about, "Does Mrs. Tuba live here?"

"Ah! it's good Master Tanzer, mother," cried Magdalene joyously, springing towards him. Mrs. Tuba tried to rise, but sank back exhausted. Raphael shrank timidly with his silks behind the stove.

"There!" said Mr. Tanzer; "I thought you must be sick because you have deserted me these two days. What's the matter, then?"

"But I went to the shop," she answered; "and I asked the apprentice to explain to you and to excuse me. My mother has had another attack of rheumatism, so for three days I have been obliged to stay at home."

"The good-for-nothing! he never said a word to me. So this is your mother. Glad to make the acquaintance of a woman who has brought up such a brave, good daughter. She has the rheumatism? A bad sickness. We potters have it often, from treading in the cold clay in winter to soften it. But — this is a real dog-kennel of a room. The healthiest person would get sick here. So damp, notwithstanding the stove; and such a stove, — must have been made before the Deluge. I must see the landlord about this. Of course he'll think I do it for my own benefit, so as to sell him another. But it's really disgraceful to rent such a place, and call it a dwelling." Going round the stove, he almost fell over the little boy. "What!" he cried, "some one else here? My little fellow, you'll spoil your eyes in this Egyptian

darkness, picking out silks. You'll be blind, I say."

Magdalene sighed deeply; and the mother said, with suppressed sorrow, "He is that already."

Tanzer started back. "Bl—bli—blind!" he stammered. Half by force he drew the boy towards the light. "Look at me, my little fellow," he said.

"I cannot see any thing," he answered, in a soft, sweet voice, lifting his blind eyes towards his questioner. There is something so awful, so saddening in such a look. The eyes themselves were the same as those of other people; but the reflection of the soul within, that shines through eyes into which God's light penetrates, was gone. They are like burned-out torches, — living, yet dead.

The noble Tanzer was deeply affected. He looked again towards the stove in reality; truly to conceal the tears which sprang to his honest eyes.

"Not a word did you tell me, Magdalene, of this," he said. "Has he been long so?"

"Ever since he was two years old."

"Ah! How did it happen?"

"That we do not know," answered the mother; "we noticed it little by little, but too late."

"My good little boy," said Tanzer, "can you remember how the blue sky looks, or the shining sun, or the face of your mother?"

The boy shook his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"You can remember nothing then," he continued, "of the blossoming trees, the beauty of the flowers, or the whiteness of the snow? You can't picture to yourself the flowing river and the sailing ships, or" —

The mother checked the master by a sign. He perceived the saddening look of the boy.

"And do you rejoice over any thing that you cannot see?"

Raphael's face brightened as he answered: "Oh, yes, indeed! I rejoice when mother is satisfied with me, or when Magdalene pets me; or when I eat and drink or lie in my warm little bed; and when I've done ever so much silk, and — when my little Hans sings to me."

Tanzer thought deeply. "You are right," he said, at length. "You are happier than a thousand other creatures. You can hear your bird sing, can distinguish your mother's and sister's voices. You can talk yourself, can sing too, and enjoy yourself with other people. Even if you cannot see the bright flowers, you can smell their sweet perfume. There are some of God's creatures who cannot do all this. Think of them, and let your heart be filled with thankfulness for the joys that he has bestowed."

Tanzer pressed a gold piece into the hand of the little boy, and, with a friendly "Good-morning," he left the little family deeply moved and grateful.

THE SNOW-MAN.

"Come here and see! O woe! O woe!
How badly fares the man of snow!"

FROM THE GERMAN.

SNOW-MAN, by the hedge-row yonder,
Cuts a sorry face, — no wonder.
Full of wrath and spite he stands,
In his pockets holds his hands;
In the blazing sun he frets,
Like a sick man grunts and sweats.
Heaven is blue, and so he too
Is with anger black and blue;
Seeing all the fields so green
Makes him with vexation lean.
Snow-man is in great distress,
For he sees grim Death, I guess;
One more piff and one more puff,
And he lies there dead enough.
Then will come the ravens sooty,
To perform the burial duty;
And the snow-drops will with pleasure
Funeral bell-strokes for him measure;

And the lark will feel no pity,
Dropping him for dirge a ditty.
Where shall now the farmer find him?
Not before, and not behind him.
Why? Because his pride is humbled,
In the sun his bones have crumbled;
Long in golden noontides sunning,
Now to water he is running.
When the long-legg'd stork comes hieing,
And the swallow hither flying,
None will then be found to say
Where the dead man's gone away.

With his leg the stork will push
A flat stone against the bush;
With his bill shall then the swallow
Write thereon the lines that follow:
"Here lies one who, living, could
Not do longer any good;
All day long, a lazy lumberer,
There he sate, a huge earth-cumberer.
And that such a loafer might
Stay no more in people's sight,
Hooted at by boys and pelted,
He is now to water melted;
Wherewith spring the fields will sprinkle,
Till like stars the flowers shall twinkle,
Red and yellow, blue and white,
And twinkling eyes shall hail the sight."

C. T. B.

THE ANGEL.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated from a German version by F. W. Webber.

WHENEVER a good child dies, there comes down to earth one of God's angels, who takes the dead child in his arms, spreads out his great white wings, and gathers a handful of flowers, which he carries up to God, in order that they may bloom there, even more beautifully than on earth. The dear God presses all the flowers to his heart, but the one which is dearest to him he kisses; and then that one receives a voice, and is able to join with its own singing in the great rejoicing.

Behold, an angel of God told all this to a child whom he was bearing away to heaven; and the child heard as in a dream. They flew over the spot in the homestead where the little one had played, and passed through a garden with beautiful flowers.

"Now, which shall we take with us, and plant in heaven?" the angel asked.

There was there a slender, beautiful rose-bush, but an evil hand had broken the stalk, so that all the branches were hanging around, withered, and full of half-opened buds.

"The poor rosebush!" said the child. "Take it, that on high, in God's presence, it may come to bloom."

And the angel took it, kissed the child for his choice, and the little one half opened his eyes. Then they gathered some of the rich and rare flowers, but took also the despised buttercup and the wild pansy.

"Now we have flowers!" said the child, and the angel nodded; but he did not yet fly upward, toward God. It was night, and very still. They remained in the great town, and hovered round about in one of the narrow streets, where heaps of straw and ashes lay. There had been a removal. There lay there pieces of plates, fragments of plaster, rags, and old hat-crowns; something of every thing good for nothing was there.

The angel pointed down among all this rubbish to some pieces of a flower-pot, and to a clump of earth held together by the rooting of a large, withered wild-flower, good for nothing, and which, for that reason, some person had thrown out into the street.

"We take that also," said the angel. 'I will tell you a story while we fly."

And as they flew, the angel said: "Down

there, in that narrow street, in a lowly cellar, lived a poor sick boy. From his birth he was always ill. When he was at his best, he was able to go on crutches a couple of times up and down the little room; that was all. Some days in summer the sunbeams fell into the cellar during half an hour; and when the boy sat there, and allowed the warm sun to shine upon him, and looked at the red blood through his delicate fingers which he held before his face, it seemed to him the same as though he had been out that day. He knew of the forest in its splendid green spring dress only by this: that the neighbor's son brought him the first beech boughs, which he held over his head, and then imagined himself to be under the beech-trees, where the sun shines and the birds sing. One day in spring the neighbor's boy brought him some wild flowers also, and among them there happened to be one with a root to it. This one, therefore, was planted in a flower-pot, and placed beside the bed, near the window. The flower was planted with a fortunate hand. It grew, sent forth new shoots, and bore every year its flowers. It was the sick boy's most lovely flower-garden, his little treasure here on earth. He watered and tended it, and was careful that it should receive every sunbeam to the last which stole in through the lowly window. The flower grew very fast, watered with his tears; then blossomed for him, diffused its perfume, and delighted his eyes. He turned toward it in death when the Lord called him. A year now has he been with God; a year has the flower stood in the window, forgotten and withered; and for that reason has it been thrown out on the street among the sweepings during the removal. And this is the flower, the poor, withered flower, which we have taken along with the others; for this one has given more pleasure than the finest blossom in the garden of a queen."

"But how do you know all this?" inquired the child whom the angel carried.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was the little sick boy who went on crutches. I know my flower well."

The child opened his eyes wide, and looked up into the angel's beautiful, happy face; and in the same moment they were in God's heaven where were joy and gladness. God pressed the dead child to his heart; and then he received wings such as the other angel had, and flew hand in hand with him. Then God pressed all the flowers to his heart, but kissed the poor withered wild-flower; and it received a voice, and sang with all the angels who hovered around God's throne; some quite near, others around these in great circles, and always farther away in eternity, — but all equally happy. And all sang, little and great, together with the good, blessed child, and the poor wild-flower, which, withered, thrown out in the sweepings of moving-day, lay there in the dark, narrow street.

STOW, Mass.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER VIII.

HADLEY, November, 1868.

DEAR LOU, — What an idea, — aunt a changeling! No: Mrs. Carrol says children take after their parents; and, as your father and mine were like grandma, it was not aunt's fault she was the one left to be like grandpa, who has a sour face in his picture. Lou, if there's ever a robber at grandma's, I hope he'll steal that slat picture on the stairs which makes three different faces. I never go up or down without feeling one of them is after me.

I can't think of any thing cross enough for Mrs. Ashby to say about the cracked pitcher, so I'll tell you quick about Thanksgiving. Aunt's big bonnet filled the wagon, and for a dreadful moment I thought grandma hadn't come. But there she was, all bundled up. Aunt wasn't as tiresome as at home. She only looked hard at what I ate. She never dares scold before father.

I should have been too happy if you and baby and Aunt Louisa and Slater and Biddy had come. Mother hopes the box reached Topsham safely. I helped cut the citron and stone the raisins for the minced meat. Mother says "twenty-five" pies would grow stale.

Father sent Mr. Place a turkey, raisins, figs, apples. Mother frosted a cunning cake for Ned, and put a sugar lamb on top. I ate Ping Wing's, as she was out of sorts.

Lou, if you'd only been on the other cricket, as grandma told about when she was a child in Hingham! They did not nail carpets to the floor, but shook them every Saturday like floor-cloths, so as not to have moths. Grandma says I should not stoop if I had been brought up in their straight-backed chairs. She said their great open wood-fires were house-smiles, just as we smile when we're pleased; which I never do if I'm cold. Mother thinks the Esquimaux smile as often as we. How can they, eating blubber? But what do you think? Mother says I should eat my shoes if I were starving.

When grandma was a child, they travelled in stages; and she was a sandwich between her parents, so as not to slip on the floor. She hated riding that way, she saw so little. But once they went to Boston; and then her uncle, who was a judge, and wore a big wig, sent his yellow coach to take them to Cambridge.

Grandma thought that at last she should ride by herself; but she slipped so often from the red morocco back seat on to her mother's knees, who was a feeble woman, that her father stopped taking snuff, and tucked her between them.

I asked grandma how she could be a witch, even in a coach; and how she outgrew being a witch; and how, if she was sand, she kept from falling in a heap.

Grandma laughed, and said a "sandwich" was doubled bread and butter, with ham between. Shall we be nice, like grandma, and tell pretty stories to baby's children?

Father and I went to church Thanksgiving. Grandma wished she were well enough to go; but Aunt Wealthy said she'd "no 'pinion of the governor's sermon." But only our minister preached, and made Ned's father cry in the porch. Mr. Place makes me laugh, smoothing his hair, when it is just as flat as a pancake. But I was afraid of him in the porch, for I never saw a big man cry before (only he's a little man). I asked father if he cried because he gave him a turkey. But father said no, it was because Ned was having a better day than for a year.

Ned smiled a pale smile as I kissed my hand to him. I smelt the turkey roasting. I hope he had liver and cranberry twice.

When we drank "Absent Friends," in cider, I said to father, "Present!" pointing at Ping Wing, who was in her own chair, next mine. He smiled; but aunt said, "Margaret, don't be silly over that doll."

I scowled because she called me that name; but I stopped when grandma asked, "Shall we call you Peggy? That was my name." It was easier to stop because I was eating nuts and raisins.

Grandma tilted in the judge's barn. She got tired, and jumped off. Her cousin Maria was the other side, fell, and struck her head. Grandma was terribly frightened, and was

running in to tell her mother, for she says she was taught to; but Maria said she wasn't much hurt, and did not cry; and Lydia said Peggy mustn't tell, for then they'd not be allowed to tilt again.

Write about your Thanksgiving. The girls are silly at my school. Ping Wing is fractious, and chooses to write: —

"MISS SLATER, — Small girl's a spy. You're more ill since she came. You'd be waked with worse than a grunt at her house. I advise clearing up the baby's basket. People love at the end of notes, so I hope you're over the jaundice."

Lou, ask Slater to excuse my child.

Your loving cousin,

MADGE.

THE EARNEST STUDENT.

IT is not necessary for the "Dayspring" readers to get up in the cold mornings, and study their lessons by candlelight. They need not try to imitate Harry Lee in that. But like him they may be determined to be good scholars, though they cannot have all their day hours for study.

Harry has no father. He has a mother and a little sister. His mother, though not suffering from extreme poverty, is poor. She works hard with her needle to support her little family. Harry made up his mind to help his mother all he could. So last autumn he went to Mr. Robinson, who keeps a grocery store in the village where Harry lives, and asked for some employment.

Mr. Robinson knew Harry well, and knew what hard work it was for his mother to take care of her family. He was very glad to render what assistance he could by employing Harry. He told him to come every morning and sweep out his store, and do a few small errands; and then come again after school in the afternoon, and do such work as there might be for him to do; and he would pay him a dollar and a half a week.

Of course, Harry was pleased enough to make that arrangement. He does not mean, however, to fail in any of his lessons at school. So he gets up early in the morning, and does a little studying before going to the store. As his room is cold, he puts on his cap and coat to keep himself warm.

Harry has started in just the right way. He is educating his heart, his head, and his hands. He loves his work because he helps his mother. He studies that he may improve himself, and grow more helpful; and every day he finds his hands growing more skilful.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

PETER had returned from school with a report of scholarship below the average.

Said his father, "You've fallen back?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is that?"

"Don't know."

A basket of apples stood upon the floor. He said, "Empty out those apples, and fill it half full of chips."

The son obeyed.

"And now put those apples back."

The son said, —

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in more."

"Put 'em in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"No, of course you can't. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You didn't know why you fell behind: I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chip dirt, — dime novels!"

Not a dime novel in the house from that day.

Selected.

EMMA AND MARTHA.

"THE birds are singing, 'Come, behold
Our Sabbath morn all bathed in gold!'
The first bell rings, — away! away!
We will go to church to-day."

EMMA AND MARTHA.

WHERE are Emma and Martha going? To Sunday school. See, each has her Bible. Look into their faces. Do they not look happy?

The two sisters *are* happy. There are not two happier little girls in any Sunday school. Do you see the little cottage where they live? What a nice walk it is down to the fence they have just got over!

The church is a mile off. But they are used to walking, and would not stay away from Sunday school if the church was two miles off. Emma did not miss one Sunday all last year. Martha was sick last April, and lost two Sundays. They were neither of them once late.

Martha is in the youngest class. She can read some of the verses in her Bible very well. Miss Ray, her teacher, loves her very much, because she always tries to do right. Martha is reciting her verse to Emma as she walks along. Emma is in the next class. Miss Martin is her teacher. There are five other girls in the same class; and pretty good girls they are, — all but Alice Benton, and she seems to be improving.

These two sisters are all in all to each other. Emma thinks there never was such a good little girl as Martha; and Martha knows there never was such a sister as Emma.

LITTLE ARTHUR.

HE is six years old, and bright as a new dime right from the mint.

What do you think he is going to be when he is a man?

He always said he was going to be a minister. But a little while ago his father took him to a circus; and now when you ask him what he is going to be when he is a man, he says, "A *clown*." I do not believe he ever will be, do you?

For The Dayspring.

MABEL'S CARES.

Now, Dolly, my dear, you've been naughty to-day;
For I told you to work, and never to play,
When I had gone off, and left you in care
Of Maggie and Bessie, Georgie and Clare.

"Paper dolls and white china?" Well, what if they are?
You're their own elder sister, and I am their ma.
So when I go out, leaving you here at home,
You must care for them strictly, and mind them alone.

So "Maggie has fallen!" Oh, dear, what a shock
To her poor little nerves! Beside spoiling her frock
With the nice cranberry tart nurse gave me to eat.
Oh, I'm tired all over, from my head to my feet!

I'm sure no mamma has such troub'e as I:
Four wee paper dolls to fret, worry, and cry,
And a big china one, with pretty blue eyes;
Frocks and aprons to make of every size.

I know I'm but eight, yet I know what's required
To keep children in order. It's what mamma's desired
Ever since I was old enough to enter a school.
It's "Cultivate neatness, and mind mamma's rule."

It doesn't seem much to you, I suppose,
To feed five "make-b'lieve dollies," and care for
their clothes;
But, as dear mamma says, "You'll ne'er know till
you're old
What a big lot of care a mother can hold."

But it's Saturday night, — I'm thankful for that, —
So I'll undress you all, from slipper to hat;
In your own little beds I'll tuck you snug in,
And then to get rested I'll try to begin.

Oh, no! we must first have our family prayers;
Then to my trundle-bed soft I'll hasten upstairs.
Of course you can't talk prayers, but I can say
mine,
And you must close hearken to every line.

Dear Lord, please bless papa and Mabel and ma,
And my five little dollies, wherever they are.
Don't let any do wrong, girls, women, or men.
Please take us to heaven. For thy sake. Amen.

C. D H.

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS TO LITTLE FRIENDS.

V.

I HAVE among the readers of the "Dayspring" many little friends who answer to the name of "Lizzie;" yet this letter is addresed to one in particular, and I hope that the *right* "Lizzie" will claim it.

Some of my little friends think that *summer* alone is "clothed in beauty," because then the flowers are so abundant, the grass so fresh and green, the waters so blue, and the birds so joyous in song; but *winter* also, dear Lizzie, has beauties. Look at that tree near your home, — leafless, to be sure. But now against the clear sky you can trace the delicate arching of the branches, the graceful lines of each twig; you can see each little bud ready formed, waiting for the warm spring sun before bursting forth in leaves and flowers. Then, after a winter storm of drizzling sleet, —

"The tree in its glory appears,
Even like a crystal chandelier,
On whose brilliant jewels the sunbeams glance,
As the limbs in the light breeze twinkle and
dance."

And the soft snow that

"Heaps field and highway,
With a silence deep and white,"

"ridges" each twig of your tree "inch-deep with pearl."

And, Lizzie, sometimes you will hear a gentle, continuous "tap," "tap," near the house. If you stand at the window, and follow the sound with your eyes, you will probably see a cunning woodpecker on the tree busily seeking food, thus destroying those worms or insects that are concealed beneath the bark.

When a heavy storm is blowing the branches and swaying the limbs to and fro, you learn then how deep your tree has struck its roots into the earth, to be able to resist the mighty force of the wind.

If *one tree* can afford so much pleasure in the winter season, how endless are the joys around us! "*All* thy works shall praise thee, O Lord!" "He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?"

Dear Lizzie, may you, each of these wintry days, learn to find more and more happiness in loving God's works! And when spring, summer, and autumn have brought their varied beauties and joys, and you have felt how near to you is the Heavenly Father, then you will have realized some of the blessings which He sends.

From your friend,

"PATIENT WAITING."

"YOU will never *find* time for any thing. If you want time, you must *make* it."

A CURE FOR ANGER.

ONE day I paid a visit to one of my friends. On entering the dining-room, I saw two of her sons, of about seven or eight years old, sitting each in a corner of the room. They came forward to greet me, and I asked them why they were sitting so far apart.

"Well," said one of them, "mamma has said, that when we get angry with one another, we must not fight; but that we must sit down, as far as possible from each other, until our anger is over.

He had scarcely finished these words, when they both ran as fast as possible to sit down, each in his corner, looking fiercely at one another.

"Is not your anger over yet?" I asked.

"No!" they both shouted at once.

I went in to my friend; and when, after a quarter of an hour, I came back into the dining-room, I found the little brothers playing together.

"Is it over now?" I asked.

They answered, quite pleased, "Yes: now t's over."

What an excellent method to teach children to conquer their violent passions, to calm themselves, and to think before acting!

Charlotte Bremer.

HAPPY EVERY DAY.

SYDNEY SMITH cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: — "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done: a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving — trifles in themselves light as air — will do it at least for the twenty-four hours. And, if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy; at all events, for a time."

FROST WORK.

"THEY are the ghosts of flowers,
The blossoms of fairer hours,
I see on the window frame!
They died in woodland and heather;
But, lo! in this wintry weather,
Their petals unfold again.

O rare and wonderful flowers!
That bloom in these crystal bowers,
How their splendors glance and gleam!
How they glow where the silver sedge
Fringes the rivulet's edge,
And flush in the morning's beam!

Arbutus and eglantine;
The bell of the Columbine,
Poised on its stately stem;
Aster and fleur-de-lis;
Wind-kissed anemone,
And the star of Bethlehem!

These, and a numberless train,
I trace on the frosty pane, —
Are they pictures of the brain?
Ah, no! they are exquisite flowers,
The phantoms of sunnier hours,
That blossom in beauty again.

Albert Leighton.

"How many words there are for pleasant feelings, — gladness, happiness, enjoyment, joy, gayety, fun, merriment, jollity, pleasure, delight, bliss, rapture."

WHAT does the watch say? Tick, tick, tick.
Now put it down, rogue, quick, quick, quick.

THE BEST WAY TO CORRECT MISTAKES.

A FIRST-RATE story is told of a very prominent man who lived in Detroit forty years ago, and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any other man in the Western country, besides other wealth to a large amount.

Like many of the pioneers who acquired great riches, he was very ignorant in all that books taught, but his learning was more like wisdom; and in common with many who have lived and passed away, but left their mark behind them, he knew what tree would make shillings by looking at it.

He had, at the time of our story, just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo, and wanting a suitable clerk to take charge of it he advertised for one in the papers. The next morning, early, a candidate for the position presented himself, a rather too flashy young man in appearance; but the following conversation occurred: —

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?"

The young man explained in a very profuse manner, how he should proceed to make it all right.

"A good way, no doubt, to do it," replied the old gentleman, "but I sha'n't want you."

Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquent manner he pointed out the remedy in all such cases.

All the reply was, "Young man, I sha'n't want you."

Some three or four others dropped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way of covering up error in their books.

The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning.

Just at the close of the day a plainly dressed man with a bright eye, and a brisk step, called for the situation.

"Take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman, "I want to ask you just one question. When you make a false entry on your books, how do you go to work to correct it?"

Turning upon the questioner a cold, sharp look, the young man replied, "*I don't make that kind of mistakes, sir.*"

"Ah! my dear sir, you are just the man I have been looking for all day," and in a few moments after the man who corrected his blunders by not making them was installed in the office.

Caution is the parent of Safety.

CLEAN LIPS.

A VERY kind old lady, many years ago, taught a little private school of young children in a town of New England. She loved her Saviour, and therefore cared very tenderly for her little lambs, trying to bring them to the fold of the Good Shepherd. She always had a pleasant word and kindly smile for them, and often had a flower, an apple, or a kiss to give for such as behaved properly; and the simple rewards from her loving hand were prized.

This lady's little pupils never had to be *sent* to school. They ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock, that they might be ready to hear the first tinkle of her school-bell. One day her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a fine little boy, about nine years old, had said some naughty words at play. She called Charlie to her, and taking both his hands in hers, and looking sorrowfully into his bright blue eyes, she asked, "Have you used naughty words to-day, my child?"

"I didn't swear," whimpered Charlie.

"Are you willing to go home now, and repeat your words to your dear mother?"

"No, ma'am," faltered the little culprit, as he hung his head, and blushed deeply.

"And, my dear boy, have you forgotten," said his kind old friend, "that One was listening to you, holier than any mother, even yours; and loving you far more than even the best mother can love her little son? He heard in heaven your naughty words. I am afraid, my child, that when the lips are naughty, the heart must be very unclean too. I cannot make your heart clean, Charlie; but I will ask the Lord Jesus to do it for you. One thing, however, I can do. I can cleanse your lips. They would not be fit for your mother's 'good-night' kiss if I did not clean them for you." The old lady then called for a bowl of clean water, and took from her desk a bit of fine soap and a little sponge. Then bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed it well, — teeth, tongue, lips, and all. She then wiped them dry with a soft, fresh napkin, and bathed his tear-stained face and kissed him. This simple punishment, and her real sorrow, apparent to the child while she inflicted it, made a deep impression, not merely on Charlie, but on the whole school, who witnessed the transaction.

Charlie is now a man, but *never* since that day has one improper word passed his lips. Ever since, at the very thought of such a thing, he says he fancies he *tastes soap*, and hears again the gentle voice that reproved his youthful naughtiness. Early Days.

LETTER FROM A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

ANN ARBOR, MICH. Jan. 29, 1873.

MY DEAR DAYSPRING, — I have waited a long time, hoping that some one of our Sunday school would write to you; but, as I see no one does, I thought I would. We all like you very much, for you have such nice stories and puzzles. We have a very good school, although it is small; but I think it is more interesting than some of the larger schools.

Mr. Brigham, our minister, gives us a word every Sunday, and we each learn a verse containing that word. After we have recited our verses, he explains them, and tells us stories. Last Sunday our word was *olives*. After the usual exercises, and the recitation of the verses (there were not many, for it was so cold that not many scholars were present), he told us about the Mount of Olives, and the place where Jesus prayed the night before he was nailed to the cross. He said that, when he was there, he got some of the wood of the trees and had it made into little crosses, which he gave to his friends.

NELLIE KING.

HERR MUHLE.

WE have all heard of the lad who stooped to pick up a pin as he was sadly leaving the presence of the rich banker, of whom he had asked for employment in vain, and was thereupon recalled, given a stool in the office, afterward taken into partnership, and died immensely rich. It may well have been true, as many fortunes have turned upon as slight points as that. The other day, Herr Muhle died at Colmar, late of France, but now of Germany, twice over a millionnaire, who owed all his fortune to his hat. He had been apprenticed to a turner; and in the course of his *Wanderjahr*, or travelling-year of the German journeymen, he found himself in Colmar, and applied to Messrs. Weil and Boutron, who had a great machine-shop, for work. The ragged and barefoot boy, with his knapsack on his back, did not commend himself to the masters; and he was told to

go about his business. As he was going, the master-machinist called after him, —

"I say, my man, what kind of a hat is that you have on?"

"A wooden one, sir."

"A wooden one! And where did you get it?"

"I made it, sir."

"How?"

"With my lathe. I had a long way to go, and needed a hat that would keep out the rain; and, as I had no money to buy one, I made this out of wood."

"But this is oval; and an oval form cannot be made with a lathe."

"That is true, sir; but, nevertheless, I did it. I took my central point, and worked away till I had made my hat." The poor apprentice had instinctively hit upon the principle of the eccentric lathe. The keen-sighted turner at once engaged him, and found him to be a mechanical genius as well as a good workman. He became a partner, and afterwards sole proprietor, under the Gallicised name of M. Moulin, and died the richest man of the whole country-side.

The Independent.

MEASURING THE TIGER.

OLD DICKEY S., a very wealthy but very illiterate East India merchant in London, took a pair of compasses, and set about examining a large map of India, the margin of which was illustrated with drawings of the wild and domestic animals of the country. Suddenly Dickey dropped the compasses in amazement. "It can't be: it ain't in the order of nature that it should be! Impossible! Ridiculous!"

"Why, Dickey, what's the matter?"

"Wot's the matter? Vy, this Bengal tiger is ninety miles long!"

Dickey had measured the tiger by the scale of the map!

Puzzles.

6.

CHARADE.

To do my *first* is a soldier's duty;
To face my *second* men always dread:
My whole, forerunners of coming beauty,
Which over the earth will soon be spread.

W.

7.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in day, but never in night;
My second is in shining, and also in bright;
My third is in carry, and also in come;
My fourth is in little, but never in some;
My fifth is in evil, and also in sin;
My sixth is in lost, but never in win;
My seventh is in man, but not in child;
My eighth is in angry, but of course not in mild;
My ninth is in merry, but never in sad;
My tenth is in boy, but not in lad:
My whole is the name of a useful book.

N. E. K.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

3. — The "Dayspring" cannot enlighten its readers in regard to this. No one seems to have digested the "tough morsel."

4. — Roderick Dhu.

5. — If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

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